

DUCKTALES REHATCHED

REBOOT PILOT SCRIPT BY
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OVER A BLACK SCREEN:

We hear a child's voice speak...

VOICE

Adventure begins right outside your door.

Quick cuts: A shrouded figure sprints through a dense jungle, attempting to outmaneuver a pursuing jaguar. After scaling a tree, he uses a compound bow to fire a zip line down to raised, moss covered mound. The Jaguar leaps out of the tree, missing the figure by inches as he escapes down the line, landing hard as the jaguar roars in defeat above. Standing briefly in triumph, the ground gives way, dropping the figure out of sight.

The figure breaks through the **ceiling of the hidden temple**. He deftly spins and fires the bow again. Securing a tow line, he stops just feet above the ground and slowly lowers himself to a stone tabernacle, bathed in a pool of rich light.

The figure approaches the tabernacle and reaches out for the bejewelled medallion sitting upon it. As his hand clamps around the artifact, a **mechanism triggers**, shackling his hand into place.

The chamber begins to collapse. The figure begins struggling wildly but it's no use. He isn't strong enough. The faces of the stone gods proclaim "NOT STRONG ENOUGH!" as they shatter around him. As the panicked figure struggles to free his trapped hand, his hood drops to reveal a **TEN YEAR OLD BOY DUCK**.

His panicked eyes dart back and forth as the collapse intensifies. The boulder rain down like thunder as we...

CUT TO:

INT. BUS-DAY

HUEY DUCK jolts awake, sitting up in an empty bus. His magazine falls off of his head as his practical joker brother **LOUIE** pounds on the window from outside.

LOUIE

Rise-n-shine, bookworm! As much as you need your beauty sleep, we're here.

Huey shoulders his backpack and glumly trudges down the center aisle of the empty bus. He gasps, turns and runs back to his seat, grabbing his magazine, **THE JR.**

WOODCHUCK: MYSTERIOUS WORLD EXPLORER MONTHLY. On the cover is a colorful pulp illustration featuring a man, muscles bulging, bursting his sleeves as he drinks golden liquid from a stone basin. **HAUNAMAN'S DRAUGHT: LEGEND OR LEGIT?** screams out at the reader as a cheery cartoon beaver exclaims, "Remember Junior Woodchucks, adventure begins right outside your door!"

Huey regards it dreamily for a beat, then exits the bus.

Outside, it's light chaos. Gearhead brother **DEWEY** is helping their uncle **DONALD DUCK** out from under a massive pile of spilled luggage from the bus' compartment.

HUEY

Oh, no. Again?

LOUIE

It was a good one.

Donald kicks at the fender of the bus

DONALD DUCK

Doggone, stupid thing! Why dontchya
get a new bus?

BUS DRIVER

Hey, there was nothing wrong with
it this morning.

DONALD DUCK

Aw, whadda you know, anyway?

DEWEY

It's okay, uncle Donald, here's
one!

As Dewey and Donald gather bags, Louie continues.

LOUIE

(to Huey)

I cannot even **believe** you slept
through that racket. What took you
so long, anyway? Cause if you were
trying to get out of carrying your
bags-

HUEY

(holding up magazine)

Don't have a fit. I had to go back
for this.

LOUIE

You have like,...a hundred of those
at home.

HUEY

(enthusiastically)

Yeah, but this is the **new** one! It
has an article on the mummies of
Peru, the moving stones of Death
Valley and The legend of **Haunaman's**
Draught-

DEWEY

(from o/s)

I can't find my knapsack. Has
anyone seen my knapsack?

LOUIE

(to Huey)

If it doesn't have spaceships, or
superheroes, or zombies, I'm not
interested.

(to Dewey)

DEW! This yours?

Louie produces the knapsack and casually tosses it to Dewey,
who fumbles for the catch and misses. The bag hits the
sidewalk with a crash.

DEWEY

(horrified)

Hey! My laptop was in that!

A grinning Louie produces Dewey's laptop in his other hand.

DEWEY (CONT'D)

I hate it when you do that.

LOUIE

No. You hate it when I do that to
you.

(back to Huey)

Haunaman's **what?**

HUEY

Haunaman's **Draught.**

LOUIE

What's a draught?

HUEY

Don't be such a Philistine. It's a
basin you drink from.

LOUIE
What's a Philistine?

DEWEY
(grabbing his laptop)
You.

Huey and Dewey share a chuckle and a fist bump. Huey adjusts his glasses.

LOUIE
We're sharing a room. You know that, right?

Louie grabs the magazine from Huey.

LOUIE (CONT'D)
I think it's funny that a kid who belongs in a bubble is obsessed with all this adventure stuff.

HUEY
(grabbing magazine)
I don't belong in a bubble.

As Huey uses the magazine to wave off an approaching bee, Donald Duck enters.

DONALD DUCK
Awright, fellas. We gotta get going.

LOUIE
(whining)
I don't get it, uncle Donald. Why can't uncle Scrooge just come get us?

DEWEY
(flatly)
Gas costs money.

HUEY
Guess you don't get to be the richest duck in the world by spending it.

DONALD DUCK
Aw, C'mon, fellas. It's not that far and we'll get to see the town! I grew up here. It's swell.

LOUIE
(mutterng)
Stranded in suckburg.

DONALD DUCK
(warning)
Louie...

LOUIE
I can't say burg?

Donald gives him the eye, Louie MEA CULPAS.

LOUIE (CONT'D)
Sorry, uncle Donald.

DONALD DUCK
Boys, give it a chance, willya? For
your ol' uncle?

HUEY/LOUIE/DEWEY
Sure/okay/I'll try.

The family marches, bags in tow, toward the shape of the McDuck mansion far in the distance. As the family makes their way, the town unfolds before them. Duckburg is a bustling, eclectic mix of old and new. They march through the crowds past cafes, book stores, trendy shops and parks, all filled with quirky, lively characters and friendly folk.

The nephews barely notice the charm. To them it's a funeral march and the mansion on the hill is a mausoleum.

With a loooooong driveway behind them, the nephews and Donald arrive on the doorstep, sweating and panting. Donald shakily rings the doorbell. After a long pause, he rings again.

DONALD DUCK
(sheepishly)
It's a big house.

The door suddenly opens as Donald motions to ring again, instead poking the butler **DUCKWORTH** in the chest.

DUCKWORTH
BZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

Donald pumps the butlers hand and claps him on the back.

DONALD DUCK
Boy-oh-boy! My old pal, Duckworth!

DUCKWORTH

Master Donald. Most agreeable to
see you again.

DONALD DUCK

Good joke, Ducksy.

DUCKWORTH

Yes, it's the only one I know.

(to the boys)

Masters Huey, Louie and Dewey, a
pleasure to make your acquaintance.
Please, do come in. We've been
expecting you.

INT. MCDUCK MANSION FOYER- CONTINUOUS

The nephews and Duckworth stand in the dark, cavernous foyer. Thin beams of daylight poke through heavy curtains as the nephews stare up at walls that disappear into blackness. As Duckworth drops a few bags, Donald fidgets nervously.

DONALD DUCK

Um, where's uncle Scrooge?

DUCKWORTH

Your uncle is on his way up from
his money bin and shall arrive
shortly.

LOUIE

Nice little place you got here,
Duckworth.

DUCKWORTH

Thank you, master Louis. Seven
hundred fifty three rooms at last
count though that may have changed.
So hard to keep track these days.

LOUIE

Is maybe one of those rooms a
bathroom?

DUCKWORTH

(gesturing)

Down the hall, to the left.

Louie glances down a long, tunnel-like hallway that disappears into darkness. A faint wind moans.

LOUIE

Nevermind. I'm good.

DUCKWORTH

I must say, we were most excited to hear you'd be spending some time with us, young masters. It's been dreadfully boring since master Donald left.

DONALD DUCK

(guiltily)

Sorry I don't visit more, Ducksy.

DUCKWORTH

We understand. We would, of course, like to see more of you but we understand. Where, may I ask, are you bound for, sir?

DONALD DUCK

I'm volunteering on a ship!

DEWEY

Fixing up harbors and ports. Infrastructure upgrades, cutting edge engineering.

DONALD DUCK

(sheepish chuckle)

I'm gonna **paint** stuff.

HUEY

In exotic locations all over the world...

LOUIE

And he aint' taking us with him!

As Louie scuffs the floor in protest, Duckworth beams.

DUCKWORTH

I feel your pain, master Louis.

(to Donald)

Bravo, master Donald. Well played.

I think that is positively-

SCROOGE

(interrupting)

Asinine!

They all turn to see the imposing figure of SCROOGE MCDUCK shrouded in shadow at the top of the stairs. He begins marching down, ranting. Stepping into the light, we see he looks old and haggard. He's become a **shut-in**.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)
 The most hair-brained, fool-hardy,
 thick-skulled piece of gold-plated
 nonsense I've ever heard of! A
humbug is what it is!

Donald rushes to meet the ragged-looking Scrooge halfway and sweeps him up in a warm hug.

DONALD DUCK
 Aw, Unca Scrooge!

SCROOGE
 Ach! Put me down, you great fool!

Donald drops him and begins vigorously shaking his hand.

DONALD DUCK
 Good to see you, unca Scrooge!
 These are my nephews, Huey, Louie
 and Dewey!

SCROOGE
 (gruffly)
 Ah' know who they are! I know I
 didn't hear the word VOLUNTEERING
 in **my** house!

DONALD DUCK
 (poking a little fun)
 Charity is good for the soul, unca
 Scrooge.

SCROOGE
 (clutching his chest)
 ACH! Charity work? NON-PROFIT? It's
 like you're speaking another
 language, boy! You left here to
 find yourself and lost your **mind**,
 is what I say! Din' anything I
 teach ye' stick?

DONALD DUCK
 I was only-

SCROOGE
 I never could breed it outta you.
 It's mah' only failure as an uncle!

DUCKWORTH
 Nonsense, sir. You couldn't teach
 him **baseball** either.

Duckworth winks and they all giggle, but Scrooge simmers.

SCROOGE

Oh, havin' a laugh are we? At **MY**
expense? I have a good mind to
throw you all out!

(to Duckworth)

And you along with em'! If I wasn't
so kind-hearted!

(to Donald)

Well, the deed is done. Now off
with you, before I loose the dogs!

DUCKWORTH

We don't have dogs, sir.

SCROOGE

(flatly)

He knows what I mean!

Donald gets down on one knee and goes beak to beak with Huey.

DONALD DUCK

You okay?

Huey nods, adjusting his glasses. Donald pulls all of the nephews into a group hug.

DONALD DUCK (CONT'D)

Boys,...be nice to your unca
Scrooge.

HUEY/LOUIE/DEWEY

Bye, uncle Donald! /Can You bring me
back a python? /I Set up your video
chat so call us whenever.

DONALD DUCK

Thanks again, unca Scrooge.

SCROOGE

(snorts)

Oh, what good's having family if
y'can't **mooch** off em'?

Donald hugs him one last time.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

Ach! Enough!

Donald spins to exit, marching triumphantly forward and calling back over his shoulder.

DONALD DUCK

So long everyb-

Donald catches his foot on the **corner of the rug**, trips into the **coat rack**, tangles up in it and goes tumbling out the door and down the stairs, squawking out his trademark quacking tantrum as Duckworth closes the door.

DUCKWORTH
(dryly)
Safe travels, master Donald.

SCROOGE
(calling out)
And bring back a new coat rack!
(to the boys)
And as for **you** lot...these are the rules. No running, banging, bumping, grumping, thumping, hounding, pounding, yelling, kvelling, shouting, pouting, creeping, peeping, laughing, lying, crying, bawling or brawling, and no running by the pool.

LOUIE
There's a pool?!

SCROOGE
Yes. No swimming. If you can follow those few, simple rules, well then...we'll get on **just fine**.

Suddenly, a bright light floods the room. They turn to see that Duckworth has opened one of the curtains, exposing a huge window. Scrooge marches over in a huff.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)
Duckworth! What in **blazes** are y'doing?

DUCKWORTH
This light is **free**, sir.

SCROOGE
Aye, and who's gonna pay for the tiles when they're bleached by the **sun**, you?

Scrooge pulls the curtains closed in a WOOSH!

SCROOGE (CONT'D)
They're young. Their eyes will **adjust**.

DUCKWORTH

Once again, your unique perspective
never fails to astound, sir.

SCROOGE

(proudly)

That's why I'm the richest duck in
the world. Now if our business here
be concluded...

Scrooge whirls and marches off, voice trailing off as the
darkness swallows him.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

I'll be in my money bin, and I
don't want to be disturbed!

The boys stare, stunned. After a beat...

LOUIE

(brightly)

He didn't say no joking.

SCROOGE

(distant echo)

And no jokinggggggggg!

Louie slumps. Duckworth leads the boys down the opposite
hallway.

DUCKWORTH

This way, young masters.

As Duckworth offers details about the house, Huey takes
notice of the large number of portraits lining the dark
walls. Scrooge in his heyday in all manner of adventures but
one portrait in particular catches his eye. A single large
portrait, covered by a thick and dusty cloth.

As the rest continue, Huey lingers back, peeking under the
cover and becoming momentarily startled as he finds himself
face to face with...him.

Or rather, a very young **Donald Duck**. Huey peeks up further to
see a younger Scrooge, together on a great adventure.

DUCKWORTH (CONT'D)

(distant)

Mustn't tarry, master Huey!

Huey drops the cloth and rushes to catch up, pausing a moment
to look back.

INT. NORTH TOWER-CONTINUOUS

Louie flings open the door to their room and lets out a shriek as he comes face to face with the skeleton of a Sabre-Toothed Tiger.

DUCKWORTH

Apologies, master Louis. We are in the process of relocating your great uncle's extensive fossil collection.

Louie throws a towel over the tiger's skull.

LOUIE

No. It's great. I always wanted a cat.

They survey the room. A cluttered tangle of storage items with three beds. Exposed beams and high windows give the room a dungeon-like vibe.

DEWEY

Wow.

DUCKWORTH

Well put, young master. This house was built in the Baronial style with nods to both Gothic and Romanesque.

LOUIE

You forgot Frankenstein. **Please** tell me there's a TV?

DUCKWORTH

Your great uncle doesn't believe in television. He believes it warps the mind.

LOUIE

But that's why I **need** it.

DUCKWORTH

I shall bring the rest of your bags within the hour. Dinner is promptly at six. I shall return to collect you.

Duckworth exits.

HUEY/LOUIE/DEWEY

Thanks!/Thank You, Duckworth!/
There's not **one** TV?

The boys start to settle in. Huey begins reading his magazine, Dewey opens his laptop while Louie peers out the window.

LOUIE

I wonder if I can climb down my own hair and escape?

DEWEY

There's no wifi signal.

LOUIE

That's because they don't have wifi in **dungeons**.

DEWEY

I'm gonna have to build a signal booster.

LOUIE

If you're gonna build us anything, build us an escape pod so we can get outta here.

HUEY

Calm down. Don't freak out.

LOUIE

Don't freak out? We've been dumped off here at Dracula's castle with no light, no fun and no **TV**. Uncle Donald's gonna come back and find three little duck skeletons chained to the wall.

DEWEY

(deadpan)

There's no chains on the wall.

LOUIE

(correcting)

Yet.

HUEY

Look, we promised uncle Donald. We promised we'd give it a chance.

The boys exchange glances. Louie flops down on the bed with a sigh.

LOUIE

It's okay. I've had a good life.

HUEY
 It's been half an hour. How bad can it get?

CUT TO:

INT. SCROOGE'S DINING ROOM-NIGHT

Huey, Louie and Dewey sit at one end of a ridiculously long table. Scrooge sits at the other, slurping soup as the sounds echo off the walls. Duckworth arrives with the boy's dinner.

DUCKWORTH
 (laying out plates)
 As requested, a cheeseburger for master Huey. Grilled cheese and tomato bisque for master Dewey and for master Louie, the foot-long.

LOUIE
 I could get used to this!

DUCKWORTH
 Mustard?

LOUIE
 Don't mind if I do!

Louie puts his feet up on the table. In one graceful move, Duckworth removes Louie's feet and lays mustard on the hot dog. A sheepish Louie grins and coughs a quick apology.

SCROOGE
 Well isn't this **lovely**? I had no idea we were running a bloody restaurant now, Duckworth!

DUCKWORTH
 Not everyone shares your love of porridge and vichyssoise, sir.

SCROOGE
 Don't see why not. Made me the duck I am today!

DUCKWORTH
 (winking at the boys)
 A cautionary tale.

SCROOGE
 (calling out)
 What was that, now?

HUEY

(deflecting)

Um, Uncle Scrooge? It's kinda hard
to hear. Do you mind if we move
closer?

SCROOGE

HUH!?

HUEY

(louder)

Do you mind if we move closer?

SCROOGE

Whuzzat!?

HUEY

(louder)

I said **move closer**?

SCROOGE

(indignant)

I've taken my dinner in this chair
for over **fifty years**, boy. If it's
a chat y'fancy...you know where to
find me.

Dewey thumps his head softly on the table. Louie gives a sour thumbs up to Huey. They reluctantly grab their plates and begin the long walk to Scrooge's end. As Huey climbs up onto the chair, he drops his **magazine**. Before he can grab it, Scrooge pins it with his cane, spinning it around and picking it up.

He eyes the magazine, then the **boy**. Something flashes for a moment. Hope? Promise? Then it's gone. Scrooge dismissively hands the magazine back.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

(flatly)

No reading at the table.

HUEY

Yes, sir.

The boys exchange silent pleas with eachother. They prod Huey to continue the conversation. He finally obliges.

HUEY (CONT'D)

This is a **really** big house.

Scrooge grunts an affirmative. More looks. Dewey steps up.

DEWEY
(lamely)
Yeah,...it's **big**.

Louie rolls his eyes and takes point.

LOUIE
Duckworth said you have over seven hundred rooms here, uncle Scrooge?

SCROOGE
That so? We'll he'd know, I s'pose.

LOUIE
Would one of those, maybe, be a **TV** room?

SCROOGE
No, lad. Lot's of **books** though.
Good books on finance, accounting, economics. Good things for a boy to know.

LOUIE
I'd love to watch a **show** about economics...

HUEY
(interrupting)
Um...you said **books**, uncle Scrooge?

SCROOGE
Aye. A whole library. Floor to ceiling. Spent many an hour there m'self. You ever read Moby Dick? Every boy should read Moby Dick.

HUEY
I **love** Moby Dick.

LOUIE
Y'know, I heard there's a **movie** about Moby Dick. Maybe if we had a-

SCROOGE
And Mark Twain as well. Tom Sawyer.

HUEY
And Huckleberry Finn?

LOUIE
Wow! Y'know what's weird? I'm pretty sure there's a TV show about-

SCROOGE

(snapping)

All right enough! Your soft-touch
is a hard sell in disguise, laddie!
No more nonsense about television!

DEWEY

He was just-

SCROOGE

In my day we were perfectly content
to sit at the table like a normal
family, not speaking! The next one
to say **anything** will take all the
rest of their meals in their room.
Savvy?

A tense beat.

LOUIE

(under his breath)

Anything.

Louie and Dewey try to stifle giggles. They turn to see Scrooge, glowering.

CUT TO:

INT. BOY'S BEDROOM—CONTINUOUS

The boys push their uneaten food around on their plates as they sit on their beds.

LOUIE

(to Huey)

You were saying?

HUEY

Why'd you have to keep bringing up
TV? You always do stuff like that.

LOUIE

Hey, **I'm** just trying to improve our
situation. You just sit there with
your beak in a book and mister mute
over there didn't make a peep.

DEWEY

I choose my words carefully.

LOUIE

NOW he speaks.

HUEY

I miss uncle Donald.

DEWEY

Me too.

LOUIE

(pausing)

Me too. I don't like it here.

DEWEY

Me too.

HUEY

(quietly)

Me too.

The camera reveals a concerned Duckworth, listening at the bottom of the stairs. He quietly lets himself out.

The next morning, Duckworth arrives to collect the breakfast dishes. He carries an old, massive, leather bound **book** with him. He walks over and lays it on Huey's bed as he gathers the dishes.

DUCKWORTH

Like myself, I took you for a lover of books, master Huey. This book contains the history of this great house. I thought you may find it...useful?

The boys gather around the book as Duckworth exits.

DUCKWORTH (CONT'D)

Incidentally, young masters, should you require your uncle I must inform you that he will be in the South wing with his accountant for the better part of the day and will be **unavailable**.

(winking)

Should you have any mischief planned, now's the time.

HUEY

(staring at the book)

We don't.

DUCKWORTH

Most disappointing. Perhaps I misjudged you.

Duckworth disappears as the boys exchange a look. Huey removes an old piece of paper tucked inside the cover and unfolds it. Dewey lets out a gasp.

DEWEY

These are the structural schematics of the entire mansion. Subterranean cavities with an interconnected tunnel system.

LOUIE

Subterr-what, now?

HUEY

Secret passages. Looks like they're everywhere!

Louie grabs the map and heads for the door.

LOUIE

Why didn't you **say** so?

HUEY

We'll get in trouble.

LOUIE

Look...you can stay here in your bubble or you can go out **there** exploring a huge house that has a bajillion secrets in it. What's it gonna be, adventure boy?

Huey is silent. Exasperated, Louie walks back, picks up the book and puts it in Huey's hand.

LOUIE (CONT'D)

Here. **Read** about it.

He grabs Dewey, the map and heads for the door.

LOUIE (CONT'D)

Come on, braniac.

DEWEY

(calling back)

I'll take video!

Huey tosses the book on the bed and catches a glimpse of the **Mysterious World Explorer** magazine. The cartoon beaver stares up at him, still proudly exclaiming "Remember Junior Woodchucks, adventure begins right outside your door!"

At the end of a long, dark hallway, Dewey feels along the wall for a switch.

DEWEY (CONT'D)
If the schematic is correct...

A secret compartment pops open, revealing a long, dark tunnel. A hesitant Louie and Dewey stare into the blackness.

Suddenly, Huey appears between them, pushing past and grabbing the map. Louie lets out a yelp. Huey turns back for a beat.

HUEY
Well? You coming?

Huey disappears into the darkness.

LOUIE
(stunned)
Who was that?

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. SCROOGE'S MONEY BIN DAY

The boys stand slack-jawed in the door of **Scrooge's money bin**. Light sparkles in their eyes, reflecting a sea of gold coins.

DEWEY
I hear he dives around in it like a porpoise.

LOUIE
I hear he burrows through it like a gopher.

HUEY
I think he does **both**.

LOUIE
(grinning)
What else is there?

A quick montage follows of the boys exploring some of the rooms of the mansion. Every room filled with items of history, mystery, flora, fauna and everything in between. Huey stops, mesmerized at a jeweled artifact in a glass case.

HUEY
I've seen this in books!

Armed with his knowledge of the strange and fantastic, Huey begins to lead the expedition. They rush off again as we...

CUT TO:

INT. BUTLER'S PANTRY-NIGHT

Scrooge wanders in as Duckworth presses linens.

SCROOGE

Done for the day. How are the boys?
Haven't seen them since breakfast.

DUCKWORTH

Since dinner last night, sir. Once again, your unique sense of time is singular.

SCROOGE

Hmph. What d'you suppose they're doing, then?

DUCKWORTH

I'm sure I don't know. Perhaps cowering in their room? Or tunneling their way out?

SCROOGE

Oh? I've been a right bahookie then, is that what you're saying?

DUCKWORTH

Absolutely not sir. That's what I'm not saying.

SCROOGE

So now you're giving me parenting advice, eh?

DUCKWORTH

I wouldn't presume to, sir. I'm sure they quite enjoy sitting around gathering dust with the rest of the **antiques** here.

Duckworth stares pointedly at Scrooge for a beat.

SCROOGE

(grunting)

Perhaps I'll pay them a little visit. Have a bit of fun.

DUCKWORTH
I can almost hear their screams of
joy.

SCROOGE
(indignant)
You know if you showed this kind of
cheek to any other employer, you'd
be out on your ear and then what
would y'do?

DUCKWORTH
Go back to modeling, presumably.

Scrooge shoots him a look and exits. Duckworth grins.

A beat later, Scrooge bursts into the boy's room with a large laundry basket full of grey socks.

SCROOGE
Family fun time, boys! Tonight,
we're darning socks! It's a fun and-

The room is empty. Huey's books sit on his bed. Scrooge throws the basket down in a huff and exits.

INT. SCROOGE'S TROPHY ROOM-NIGHT

The boys relax at the end of a long day in Scrooge's trophy room. A massive hall covered from floor to ceiling in cases and curiosities. The boys sit in high-backed chairs, in front of a massive fireplace. Huey wears an oversized pith helmet, Dewey twirls an ornate spear while Louie wears a large carved African mask. They sip from juice boxes and chat.

HUEY
I can't believe this!

DEWEY
(looking at map)
We've only seen like, ten percent
of it. Maybe not even.

LOUIE
(talking through mask)
Guys, guys, look.

He inserts his juice box straw through the hole in the mask and drains it with a loud slurp, following it with an explosive belch.

LOUIE (CONT'D)
The jungle god has spoken!

Huey glances around in wonder.

HUEY

Look at all this stuff. Where did it all come from?

LOUIE

Uh...A **mall**?

HUEY

You're nuts. There's no way.

LOUIE

Are you kidding me? You can get anything from a **catalog** these days! I almost bought a Gila monster.

DEWEY

(to Huey)

It's true, but uncle Donald caught him. And you can buy **anything** online. This one guy in Tennessee bought a shark, and put it in his swimming pool.

HUEY

I don't think he'd-

Louie leaps up next to a stuffed crocodile and whips off the mask. He breaks into a pretty respectable Scrooge imitation.

LOUIE

Now this wee-beastie here, I bagged with my gold card at the **Gatorworld** gift shop!

He pats a giant Ming vase.

LOUIE (CONT'D)

An' this little beauty I found after three days in the wild and mysterious **Duckburg Mall**!

HUEY

You're crazy.

LOUIE

And your crazy, bookworm, if you think that guy's been out of this house since that cat in our room was still a kitten.

HUEY

But why? It doesn't make sense.

LOUIE

What else are you gonna do with all
that money and a house this big?
You buy junk to fill it with.

SCROOGE

(o/s)

I didn't **BUY** it!

The kids whirl around as Scrooge appears like a ghost from the shadows. They scramble to line up in front of him, busted. They all stare at the floor. After a beat, Huey raises his head to look at Scrooge, glaring down at him. Scrooge whips the pith helmet off of a recoiling Huey and looks at the boys for a moment.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

Junk, eh?

Scrooge turns the pith helmet over in his hands. After a beat, something in him softens. He holds the helmet up.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

I wore this...on the back of an
ornery camel, travelling across the
Sahara Desert, looking for buried
treasure.

He replaces the helmet on it's stand.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

Miserable beast never **did** throw me
though not for lack of trying.

He takes the spear from Dewey.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

And this little darlin'...I found
sticking out of the top of my hat
as we came out of the jungles of
The Amazon.

He puts the spear back in his cradle.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

Didn't even know we'd been
attacked.

He takes the mask from Louie.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

And this...it took me three months to learn the language of these people just so I could haggle for this. In the end, they gave it to me and made me a member of the tribe. My name is-

Scrooge lets loose with an string of clicks, hoots and chirps as the boy's jaws drop. He begins to walk from artifact to artifact. The boys are enraptured.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

Oh I used my money to **get** these but I didn't **buy** them. No. Everything in here is a story to be told. I wore this wrap, watching the sun come up atop the Great Pyramid at Giza. I played these bagpipes, when I buried my daa' at Edinburgh. Each one of these...is a memory, lads.

He stops in front of Huey.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

...And I traveled the world to get those memories.

HUEY

(breathless)

How?

INT. SCROOGE'S HANGAR-NIGHT

Scrooge leads the nephews across a vast, dark, underground hangar filled with all sorts of interesting things under dusty tarps. Scrooge floods the chamber with light, revealing a massive dirigible airship, covered, dusty, moored to cleats and floating just above the deck. The nephews gape.

HUEY

You traveled in **this**!?

SCROOGE

Oh I traveled in lots of things! If it could float, fly, trot or crawl I've just about ridden them all but this one was mah' favorite. I named her the **Copia**, after the Roman Goddess of wealth.

LOUIE

You named a ship after a **girl**?

SCROOGE
 Of course! It's bad luck not to
 name a vessel after a maiden.
 Didn't y'know that, boy?

Louie shakes his head with wonder.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)
 Well,...now y'do. I don't suppose
 you boys would fancy a look around?

The walkway drops and the nephews nearly flatten Scrooge trying to get aboard. Dewey marvels at the controls, Louie climbs the railings while Huey regards it like a church. Louie waves an invisible sword over the railing.

LOUIE
 Avast, ye! Bloomin' cock-a-roaches!

The boys become more frenzied, running in all directions, talking over eachother while Scrooge attempts in vain to educate them.

SCROOGE
 The ship's primary fuel is-careful
 there, boy.

Louie grabs the wheel as Dewey grabs the ship's compass.

LOUIE
 Set a course, corporal Deweth!

DEWEY
 Seventeen degrees starboard, Cap'n!

SCROOGE
 All right, that's enough.

Louie spins the wheel, knocking the ship's compass out of Dewey's hands. It shatters on the floor. A beat. Louie points at Dewey who swats his hand away with a scowl.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)
 I should have known! **UPSTAIRS**, the
 lot of you!

Scrooge marches the boys off the ship and up the long metal staircase to the door above. Ranting all the way.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)
 ...it's mah' own fault! It's what I
 get for being so kind-hearted! Back
 in my day, children were seen and-

Huey glances back at the Copia as Scrooge kills the lights.

SMASH TO BLACK

INT. BOY'S BEDROOM-CONTINUOUS

The boys all stare at the ceiling. Wide-eyed and not sleeping. Finally, Huey sits up. After a beat, he whispers.

HUEY

I just wanna see it again.

DEWEY

(siting up)

What? Are you for real?

Huey gets up and walks to the door and exits without a word.

DEWEY (CONT'D)

(to Louie)

Come on.

LOUIE

I liked him better when he just read about stuff.

Back down in the hangar, the boys fumble in the dark, eventually finding their way back up onto the bridge. Before they can decide what to do next, the cabin lights come on, revealing Scrooge in a deck chair. Off the boys looks-

SCROOGE

Spare me, laddies. I invented that trick.

He gets up and approaches the boys. They're busted for sure this time. Scrooge stops in front of Huey.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

Where were you going?

The boys exchange confused looks. Scrooge presses.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

Where were you GOING?

No answer. Scrooge lets out a disappointed sigh.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

Ah! Never leave the house, lads, if you don't at **least** have a direction.

The boys blink, disbelieving.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

You're a pain in my side and a rock
in my shoe but at least your
persistent and I suppose that
counts for something. I can tell I
won't have a moment's peace till
you've flown in it. So I'll make
you a deal. You have till morning
to decide on a **place**. And it better
be good! NO toy shops or ice cream
parlors or that type of nonsense,
savvy?

The boys nod.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

You find a worthy place and this
one time, just ONCE...we'll go. Now
off with ye' before I change my
mind.

The boys scramble up the stairs and out of sight. Scrooge
stands on the deck for a beat then kills the lights.

SMASH TO BLACK

INT. SCROOGE'S BEDCHAMBER-MORNING

Scrooge throws open his bed curtains and goes about his
morning routine. He throws on his dressing gown, puts a paper
under his arm and throws open the door to find...

Three sleepless ducklings. Bleary eyed, Huey holds up the Jr.
Woodchuck magazine featuring the pulp illustration.

HUEY

Haunaman's Draught.

SCROOGE

(smirking)

Well, the apple doesn't fall far
from the tree. Boy's, it's time we
paid an old friend a visit.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF DUCKBURG-DAY

At the end of a cul-de-sac, Scrooge and the nephews stand on the porch of a modest little Craftsman bungalow. Scrooge rings the bell with his cane.

After a series of electronic chatter and crashes from inside, a mechanical telescoping eye shoots out of the door, scanning the nephews and Scrooge.

MECHANICAL VOICE
GREAT TESLA'S GHOST!

A beat later, **GYRO GEARLOOSE**, world famous inventor flings the door open wearing a similar electronic telescope strapped to his head. Lab coat flapping wildly, he stares at Scrooge.

GYRO
GREAT TESLA'S GHOST!

CUT TO:

EXT. GYRO'S BACK YARD-CONTINUOUS

Gyro leads Scrooge and the nephews across the back yard to a rickety garage.

GYRO
It's been so long! So many wild
stories I didn't know what to
believe.

SCROOGE
The rumors of my death are greatly
exaggerated, Gyro m'boy.

DEWEY
(mesmerized)
You're Gyro Gearloose.

SCROOGE
Oh! Forgive me. Gyro, m' nephews.
Huey, Louie and Dewey. Do you have
nephews of your own?

GYRO
Oh my, no. You know I'm terrified
of children.
(to kids)
Pleasure to meet you. Step away
from the walls, please.

Gyro flips a hidden switch and the ground drops away from the walls. The elevator platform begins to drop, it reveals level after level of machines, gadgets, vehicles and robots. As the boys stare, Scrooge and Gyro small talk in the background.

LOUIE

You know this walking cuckoo clock?

DEWEY

That's Gyro Gearloose, founder of Gyrotech industries. He's probably the greatest inventor and scientist in the entire world.

LOUIE

It looks like his loose screws have loose screws.

DEWEY

His smallest brain cell could beat up your entire brain.

LOUIE

I bet you guys speak the same secret nerd language.

DEWEY

(deadpan)

There's a **thousand** secret nerd languages.

Louie stares for a beat. They reach the bottom and step into Gyro's workshop. Gyro immediately puts on a set of goggles and a glove, pulling up a holographic heads up display.

SCROOGE

So, like I said. I'm once again in need of your services, Gyro. I need you to get the Copia ready for flight.

GYRO

The COPIA! Newton's apple, the last time you took her out was with...

SCROOGE

Donald. Aye. A long time ago. My nephew Dewey has the list of upgrades we'll be needing.

Dewey runs up with digital tablet. Scrooge wryly eyes him.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

We also need a new **compass**.

DEWEY

They're categorized from critical to cosmetic and prioritized in color within their individual categories.

Gyro's eyebrows go up and he takes the table from a grinning Dewey. From off screen, there's a bright flash followed by a crackle of electricity.

GYRO

(calling out)

Mind your proximity near the Tesla coil!

(to Scrooge)

This list of upgrades is quite extensive. Between structural upgrades, digital and power it's months and months of work.

SCROOGE

(dryly)

How long, then?

GYRO

Five, six hours. I won't have time to paint it.

Scrooge laughs and claps him on the back.

SCROOGE

Gyro, m'lad, I'll do you one better. You have till **morning**. But I'm not paying overtime. Boys, let's go! Early night! We have a big day tomorrow.

They all exit. Louie with **all of his feathers sticking up**, as Huey follows giggling.

INT. BOY'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

Later that night, the boys finish packing in their room as Huey tells them about the legend.

LOUIE

So, a monkey gives you an energy drink?

HUEY

No. Listen! It's the **temple** of the **monkey god**. Haunaman, the Hindu god of strength.

(MORE)

HUEY (CONT'D)

It's hidden somewhere in the mountains and if you can find it, and make it past the riddle of the stones, the basin fills with a mystical elixir.

DEWEY

So, you drink from the basin and then what?

HUEY

It's supposed to grant you great strength.

LOUIE

What, you get huge? Like a giant?

HUEY

I dunno. That's what's in the picture.

LOUIE

I'd win every strongman contest and then be in movies where I punch monsters and aliens. Dew, what would you do with super strength?

DEWEY

I would build the world's biggest supercomputer.

LOUIE

How are we even related? What about you, bookworm? What would you do with super strength?

HUEY

(quietly)

Everything I read about.

Louie flops down on his pillow, hands behind his head.

LOUIE

A real man admits when he's wrong. This place? Kinda awesome. I think I'm starting to like it.

DEWEY

I think I'm starting to like uncle Scrooge.

HUEY

Me too.

LOUIE
Me too.

Once again we reveal Duckworth, at the bottom of the stairs, grinning from ear to ear. He quietly lets himself out into the hallway but stops and turns at the distant sound of bagpipes.

CUT TO:

INT. SCROOGE'S BEDCHAMBER-NIGHT

Scrooge sits in a chair by a modest fire, softly playing the bagpipes. His tea sits, untouched on the table beside him. Following a soft knock, Duckworth enters.

DUCKWORTH
Will there be anything else this evening, master Scrooge?

SCROOGE
(quietly)
No thank you, Duckworth.

DUCKWORTH
You only play your pipes when you're joyful or thoughtful. In the absence of a jig, I presume it's the latter?

SCROOGE
I've no business running off again. My only business should be business. I'm too old to be this foolish.

DUCKWORTH
You're too young to be this old. You have many years ahead of you yet, sir. Why spend them in the dark running from ghosts? Besides, I tire of your company. I've heard all your stories.

Scrooge regards him for a moment. Two old friends.

SCROOGE
In case you didn't notice, I'm not exactly the grandfatherly **type**, Duckworth. It didn't end well for me the first time. It's another chance to louse things up.

DUCKWORTH

If I may be so bold, sir? Perhaps
it's three chances to **redeem**
yourself.

SCROOGE

Oh aren't we the wise one, now?
Don't think I don't know where they
got that bloody map from in the
first place, you're so smart.

DUCKWORTH

I'm sure I don't know what you
mean, sir.

As Duckworth turns to exit, Scrooge calls him back.

SCROOGE

Duckworth? Thank you.

Duckworth exits. The last embers of the fire burning out.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. STAIRWAY-MORNING

Duckworth leads Scrooge and the nephews up a winding flight
of stairs as they discuss last minute details.

SCROOGE

...and I want to find everything
just as I left it.

DUCKWORTH

I make no guarantees, sir.

SCROOGE

And remember, nothing to the press.
Your only comment is no comment,
understood?

DUCKWORTH

I wouldn't worry, sir. I'm sure no
one will even notice you leaving.

Duckworth opens the door to reveal the roof of the money bin
and sitting there, gleaming in the morning sun, moored to the
helipad, is the sparkling and refurbished Copia. The boys
stare in wonder. Scrooge beams, Duckworth grins.

Onboard the deck of the airship, Gyro fusses over last minute
details with Scrooge's private pilot, **LAUNCHPAD McQUACK**. A
mountain of a duck, sporting goggles and a bomber jacket.

They pace back and forth along the deck, bickering like an old married couple.

GYRO

And you need to baby the throttle.
You're always too heavy on the
throttle-

LAUNCHPAD

(interrupting)

Gyro, Gyro, relax, willya? I've
flown a bucket or two in my day.

GYRO

Crashed a few, is more like it.

LAUNCHPAD

Whoa, hey! Name **one** time?

GYRO

The gyrocopter, the gyrojet, the
gyroglider, the-

LAUNCHPAD

(hurt)

I said name **one**.

GYRO

And another thing-

LAUNCHPAD

Look, G.G. Ya wanna know why this
little partnership of ours works so
well? **Balance**. I don't tell you how
to build your little gadgets and
you don't tell me how to fly em'
and right now we are in danger of
being very, **very**, out of balance.

GYRO

Fine, then. One last thing. Do you
see this lever?

LAUNCHPAD

Which lever?

GYRO

This lever.

LAUNCHPAD

(poking it)

This lever **here**?

GYRO

Yes. Whatever you do, you mustn't
pull this lever-

LAUNCHPAD

(grabbing it)

What? **This** lever?

GYRO

(yelling)

NO! It's only to be pulled in the
case of extreme emergency! It
uncouples the bridge from the
envelope!

LAUNCHPAD

Relax, Gee' I know what it does.
Don't worry, I won't pull it. Now
if you'll excuse me, I gotta finish
my pre-flight.

Launchpad descends the walkway, arms out, welcoming, as Scrooge and the boys walk up.

LAUNCHPAD (CONT'D)

Mister McD! The last time I saw
you, was in Pago Pago, dancing on a
table with the cutest little-

SCROOGE

(interrupting)

COUGH! LAUNCHPAD! May ah' present
m'nephews. Huey, Louie and Dewey.

LAUNCHPAD

Heya, kids! Launchpad McQuack,
pilot extraordinaire' at your
service. If it's got wings, I can
crash it!

The boys all stare, stonefaced.

LAUNCHPAD (CONT'D)

(to Scrooge)

Why doesn't anybody laugh when I
say that?

SCROOGE

Because it's not funny. I hope your
flying has improved more than your
comedy, boy.

Scrooge boards the ship. Louie beams up at Launchpad.

LOUIE
You're a real **pilot**?

LAUNCHPAD
Oh, yeah. You betcha. I've flown
just about everything. Big planes,
small planes, them giant commercial
jobbers.

LOUIE
Wow! Really.

LAUNCHPAD
Sure. But you take out one or two
terminals and suddenly you're a
"risk".

HUEY
How'd you end up working for our
uncle Scrooge?

LAUNCHPAD
He's the only one who'd hire me.

The boys all laugh like it's a joke. Launchpad is stonewashed.

LAUNCHPAD (CONT'D)
What?

The boys hastily board the ship.

SCROOGE
Cast us off, Duckworth! Gyro, you
sure you won't change your mind
about coming, lad?

GYRO
Thank you, no! You know I'm
terrified of all forms of travel!

The Copia begins to rise, higher and higher into the morning
sky. Launchpad throttles her forward as the nephews and
Scrooge all gather at the railing. Dewey records it on his
smart tablet. Everyone waves their good-byes.

All over Duckburg, people begin to look up and point. Excited
chatter builds to a frenzy in the town square as traffic
stops and everyone drops what they're doing. A news van comes
screeching around the corner and an **energetic female reporter**
leaps out with a cameraman.

COLBY DUCKSTONE

This is Colby Duckstone for WEBD news, reporting live from downtown Duckburg where notorious recluse Scrooge McDuck appears to be leaving his mansion for the first time in...

The news breaks instantly all over the world. From Beijing to Russia to Africa to Italy, we see locals clustered around televisions in cafes, street corners and public squares as the story breaks in every language.

Somewhere in South Africa, in a high-backed chair in a stuffy study, **FLINTHEART GLOMGOLD** leans forward, spitting out his tea as the image of the Copia appears on screen.

REPORTER

...known as the richest duck in the world, made his first fortune at the age of-

FLINTHEART GLOMGOLD

That idgit!

Somewhere in some town, we see a rickety psychic shop on a corner. The door opens and a female patron is hastily shoved out, the closed sign is flipped over and the curtains pulled. Inside, **MAGICA DeSPEL** drops into a chair, leering at the image of the Copia in her crystal ball.

MAGICA

There's no where you can hide from my eyes, Scrooge McDuck!

The camera adjusts to reveal an ancient television behind the crystal ball, showing the news report. Magica rushes off screen.

REPORTER

...had since become the world's largest multi-national conglomerate who's shares routinely trade on the-

In a dilapidated shack on the outskirts of Duckburg, a phone rings. Huddled around a television with a cracked screen, sit several, hulking, shadowy figures. They watch the news as a woman off screen speaks on the phone.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

...though not seen in public for over ten years, he was rumored to maintain an iron grip on his company from his-

WOMAN ON PHONE
Yeah? Uh-huh. Oh you bet we will!

A beat later, **MA BEAGLE** marches into frame and stands in front of the television. She flings a fistful of black strips of fabric at her sons.

MA BEAGLE
Put on your masks! And round up as many cousins as you can!

In a secluded location, high up somewhere in the mountains of Europe, we see a futuristic glass tower poking out of the cliff side. Inside, a shadowy figure stands at a pristine work bench, tinkering with a piece of exotic tech. Behind him, a wall of screens carries the news of Scrooge's departure on multiple channels in every language.

REPORTER
...for a statement were met with the company's standard, "no comment", it's for sure, wherever McDuck is headed, fortune and glory can't be far behind, For WEBD news-

The shadowy figure stops and turns to the screens. We see he has an eagle's beak. Still in shadow, his eyes narrow in a predatory scowl.

On the deck of the airship, Scrooge stands at the wheel with Launchpad.

LAUNCHPAD
Man, am I glad you called.
Retirement was **killing** me! So, where we headed?

SCROOGE
The Himalayas. Searching for a mysterious temple that may or may not exist, that contains a magical basin that may or may not give you great strength and may or may not be heavily booby trapped.

Launchpad stares for a long beat.

LAUNCHPAD
Piece of cake.

Launchpad cranks the wheel as the nephews gather at the railing to say goodbye to Duckburg. Close on Huey as we...

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN-NIGHT

Lightning and thunder hammer the Copia as it struggles through a massive storm. Despite it's size, the wind whips it around like a plastic bag. Scrooge and launchpad struggle at the wheel while the nephews cower in their cabin below deck. Huey struggles to stay in his bunk while Dewey swings wildly in his hammock. A green-around-the-gills Louie has his head in the wastebasket.

Scrooge checks the displays while launchpad fights the wheel.

LAUNCHPAD
Me and my big mouth!

SCROOGE
(yelling over wind)
STEADY AS SHE GOES, LAD!

LAUNCHPAD
If the lightning doesn't kill us,
the waves will! Maybe I can split
the difference!

The instruments start pinging loudly. Scrooge rushes toward the bow, yelling as he goes.

SCROOGE
LAUNCHPAD! FORWARD LIGHTS!

Launchpad pops the forward halogens just in time to illuminate a wall of water rising up ahead of them and closing fast. A MASSIVE WAVE.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)
TAKE US UP!

Launchpad throttles up as fast as he can. The envelope clears the wave but the bridge crashes explosively through the crest. The ship lurches wildly and launchpad is thrown, bellowing, over the side.

In their cabin, Huey and Dewey yelp as Launchpad's lower half slams against the porthole. Without even hesitating, Huey leaps up and dashes for the door.

HUEY
He went over!

Louie looks up from the basket to see Huey disappearing up the stairs.

LOUIE
(groggily)
Who **was** that?

Louie resumes throwing up.

On deck, Scrooge struggles in vain to haul Launchpad, who is clinging to the railing, back onto the deck. Suddenly, Huey appears out of nowhere, his tiny hand reaching through the railing to grab Launchpad's collar. Scrooge erupts in shock.

SCROOGE
What in blazes did I tell you, boy!
Get thee below deck!

HUEY
I can hel-

Another gust hits the Copia, causing it to roll. Huey sails right over the railing. Without missing a beat, Launchpad catches him and uses the momentum to swing Huey right back up onto the deck where he lands with a thud.

Another gust rolls the Copia back and Launchpad manages to leap the railing. He staggers back to the wheel and cranks it hard. The Copia speeds away from the edge of the storm.

LAUNCHPAD
I believe that is what we call a close one.

Scrooge is on Huey the second he stands.

SCROOGE
What in the name of Mary, Queen of **Scots** were you doing!? I told you to stay **below deck**!

HUEY
I'm sorry-

SCROOGE
That bird's thick skull weighs more than the three of you combined!

HUEY
I-I thought I could-

SCROOGE

I know what you **THOUGHT!** You were almost doing your thinking from the bottom of the ocean!

Huey stares at the deck, trembling. After a beat, Scrooge makes a conscious effort to **calm down**. He switches gears and puts a hand on Huey's shoulder.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

Launchpad and I were both wearing safety harnesses.

For the first time, Huey notices Scrooge and launchpad are hooked to **steel cables** clipped to the deck.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

I sent you to the cabin for a **reason**, boy. We have one rule on this ship. Follow the captain's orders. Are we clear?

Huey nods.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

Are ye' all right?

Huey takes a deep breath and nods again.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

The best tales are the ones you live to tell, laddie. Now go and fetch your brothers.

EXT. DECK OF THE COPIA-NIGHT.

Scrooge gathers the boys and Launchpad around a new head's up display on the instrument panel.

SCROOGE

Gentlemen, I'm afraid we have a problem. We're being followed.

LAUNCHPAD

(looks around guiltily)

Wha!? How'd I miss that?

SCROOGE

(glances at Launchpad)

Noticed em' right before the storm. Duckworth, who are they and what do they want?

Duckworth appears on screen.

DUCKWORTH

Unknown at this time, sir. Word of your departure spread quickly. It could be any one of your many detractors.

SCROOGE

Aye'. And I have a pretty good idea whom. See if you can get me a closer look.

The nephews step forward.

HUEY

Why are they after you, uncle Scrooge?

Scrooge holds up his cane. Encased in a glass ball at the top, is a single glimmering **DIME**.

LAUNCHPAD

(reverently)

There it is!

LOUIE

What's that?

SCROOGE

The first dime I ever made, boys. The dime from which my entire fortune was spawned. My NUMBER ONE DIME. I named him after Abraham from old antiquity, who was famous for spawning a great many...

(off the children's looks)

Eh...other **dimes**.

LAUNCHPAD

(muttering)

The guy really liked to **count**.

SCROOGE

(warning)

LAUNCHPAD!

DEWEY

That's what they want?

SCROOGE

Well, this among other things. Fortune and success breed jealousy and contempt, lads.

LAUNCHPAD

And your great uncle's got a **lot** of success.

HUEY

But why do they want it?

SCROOGE

This dime, much like your basin, lad, has taken on mythical properties over the years. Many believe it has the ability to grant great power and wealth.

HUEY

Do **you**?

Taken aback by the question, Scrooge hesitates. Before he can answer, Duckworth reappears on the screen.

DUCKWORTH

I have a closer visual, sir.

An image appears on screen revealing a line of "plumbers cracks" leaning over the railing of a rusty ship.

SCROOGE

I'd know those faces anywhere. It's the Beagle Boys, all right.

LAUNCHPAD

Yeesh! They **definitely** forgot the Dramamine.

A second shot appears, showing Ma Beagle yelling at her seasick sons.

SCROOGE

Ah! There's the dainty flower.
(to the boys)
All right, lads. Listen and listen **well**. The Beagle Boys may be clumsy, they may be slow and they may be stupid but they are, most definitely, **dangerous**. Savvy?

The boys all nod.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

Now I know for a fact that they don't have the resources to follow us where we're going so if we're clever, and we **are**, we should lose them by morning.

The boys nod again

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

However, we like to err on the side of caution around here so for the rest of this trip, you do what I say, **when** I say, no questions asked.

(looking at Huey)
Are we **clear**?

The boys all unanimously agree. As the Copia sails on, high above, the rusty steamer chugs along behind.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE-TRAVELING THE WORLD.

The Copia sails the skies as it makes it's way toward India. The family marvels at the sights as they bond and maintain the ship as they go.

Huey marvels at whales off the coast of **Mexico**.

Gauchos in **Brazil** stop and wave as the Copia glides majestically overhead.

Dewey video chats with Gyro, who talks the boy through some spot repairs on the ship's console.

The family dines on deck, Scrooge animatedly telling a story of adventures past, as the **great pyramids** shrink behind them.

Huey and Scrooge study the article on **Haunaman's Draught**.

HUEY

(reading from the book)
Your greatest strength shall be revealed, through sacred waters, weakness healed...

As Launchpad lets Louie take a turn at the wheel, a long, colorful, caravan of elephants trumpets from the ground as they arrive in **India**.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MARKETPLACE-BANGLADESH-MORNING.

The McDucks wind their way through a bustling marketplace picking up last minute odds and ends for the last leg of the journey.

Louie has joined a group of old men huddled around a TV. He laughs along with them despite not knowing what he's laughing at. Dewey is fascinated by a live Macaw that's chattering to him. Launchpad tries, unsuccessfully, to chat up a pretty girl.

LAUNCHPAD

Y'seen that blimp on the edge of town? That's my ride.

Scrooge and Huey approach an old woman at a stand filled with colorful wraps and clothing.

SCROOGE

Now stand back and watch your old uncle.

(to vendor)

Good day, madam. How much for five of your heaviest shawls?

VENDOR

One fifty American.

SCROOGE

I'll give you seventy five.

VENDOR

One fifty.

Scrooge and her begin going back and forth with hand gestures and signals like baseball players. The woman is tough. She won't budge. Scrooge is losing face.

SCROOGE

For the price you're asking they should be woven from gold!

The woman says something to Scrooge in Hindi. He reacts and covers Huey's ears.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

Now see here, woman...

HUEY

(interrupting)

That's okay, uncle Scrooge, the vendor down there has em' for half that. Nicer colors, too.

The woman immediately changes her tone.

VENDOR

Shawls for one hundred. And I give you scarf, too.

They make the exchange and a proud Scrooge walks away with Huey, chuckling.

SCROOGE

Well, that's not exactly haggling,
per se'. **Technically** that's known
as a **con**, but a rose by any other
name, eh? Not bad, boy. Not bad at-

Two cloaked and shrouded figures pass. The larger of the two bumps roughly into Scrooge as they pass. Scrooge spins, irritated and calls out.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

(spoken in Hindi)

Excuse me, you brute!

The figure waves him off without looking back.

HOODED FIGURE #1

Eh, **stow** it!

Scrooge turns back to look as the smaller of the two figures reaches up and whaps the other on the head.

HOODED FIGURE #2

(stage whisper)

SHUT UP!

Scrooge's eyes go wide. One hand goes to his cane and the other tightens on Huey's shoulder. He begins to scan the marketplace as we jump into: **SCROOGE VISION**.

Suddenly, we see figures all over the market, hiding in plain sight. Five, seven, **ten**! All edging closer to Scrooge.

SCROOGE

(whispering)

Blast you, old fool.

Scrooge hastily gathers the group and turns to Launchpad.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

Launchpad, take the boys to the
ship, **now**.

LAUNCHPAD

(concerned)

Whadda we got?

One of the figures passes by close to Scrooge. To the nephew's extreme surprise, Scrooge pulls a **sword out of the top of his cane** and seemingly **stabs** the figure as it passes.

DEWEY
(horrified)
UNCLE SCROOGE!

In one graceful gesture, Scrooge whips the shroud off of the figure to reveal-**A BEAGLE BOY!** Across the way, **BOUNCER BEAGLE** whips his hood off and throws it to the ground. The rest of the figures follow Bouncer.

BOUNCER BEAGLE
Aw, way to go, Baggy! **GET EM'!**

Scrooge brandishes his saber.

SCROOGE
RUN!

SMASH TO BLACK

FADE IN:

EXT. MARKETPLACE-BANGLADESH-CONTINUOUS.

The Beagle boys, **BOUNCER, BAGGY, BURGER, BIGTIME, MA** and five of their cookie-cutter cousins swarm after Scrooge and the nephews. The marketplace erupts in chaos.

Scrooge grabs a skillet from a nearby table, whirls and clonks Baggy into the street before turning to Launchpad.

SCROOGE
I'll hold them! Get to the Copia!

Launchpad and the nephews take off running, followed by the **Beagle cousins**. Burger and Bouncer try to back Scrooge into a corner as Ma Beagle brings a leg of lamb down on Scrooge's head from behind. Scrooge whirls, brandishing his saber.

MA BEAGLE
Y-y-you wouldn't harm a **lady** would ya?

SCROOGE
(slyly)
Show me one.

He swipes the ties to the awning above, bringing it down on her. As her sons rush to free her, Baggy grabs a fleeing Scrooge's leg. Bringing him to the ground.

The Beagle cousins barrel through the market, closing in on Launchpad and the boys. One catches Launchpad and tackles him to the ground as the boys run on.

LAUNCHPAD
SPLIT UP!

The boys split down three separate alleyway's, each trailing a Beagle. Launchpad breaks free from the Beagles holding him and scales a ladder up to the rooftop, pulling the ladder up behind him. He can just barely make out the nephews weaving through the streets.

Huey manages to grab a wooden pole and vaults over a line of cattle as the Beagle cousin slams into them.

Louie slides under a table like a baseball player as another Beagle smashes into and **over** it. Merchants shout angrily.

As Louie flees the scene, he runs into Huey, still carrying the pole.

LOUIE
(freaked out)
Anything about this in any of your books?

Up ahead, they see yet **another** Beagle has managed to corner **Dewey**. Huey and Louie each take an end of the pole and speed up. As they are just about to hit, Huey calls out.

HUEY
DUCK!

Dewey drops as Huey and Louie **clothesline** the Beagle Cousin. They grab Dewey and head down a **blind alley**. To their horror, it's a **dead end**. Almost immediately, the cousins block the mouth of the alley and start approaching the boys.

BEAGLE COUSIN #1
You mean **dead** duck.

From above, Launchpad drops onto the cousins like an anvil. Laying them out flat.

LAUNCHPAD
I **really** hate duck jokes.

They take off as the cousins try to recover.

BEAGLE COUSIN #1
They're getting away!

BEAGLE COUSIN #2
Relax, they aint' going nowhere.
Let's go get **Scrooge**!

Back in the marketplace, Baggy still has a strangle hold on Scrooge's leg. Scrooge manages to grab another skillet off of a nearby table. He bonks Baggy again just as Burger Beagle tears an iron rod off the wall. Scrooge spars like a fencing master, ducking and leaping and dodging as he leads the Beagle brothers bumbling across the market. Burger and Scrooge fight across the counter tops. They lock weapons and Scrooge uses the scabbard part of his cane to whack Burger right between the eyes. He falls back into his brothers. They go wild, toppling another awning onto **Ma Beagle**. Scrooge leaps down and heads for a rickety gate.

SCROOGE

Ha! Five Beagles with one shot! The fire's still with this old duck!

He flings open the gate to reveal the **Beagle Cousins**.

Scrooge slams the gate and takes off as they come bursting though. They chase Scrooge down the marketplace.

Launchpad and the boys come shooting out of the marketplace and across the field toward the Copia, where it's moored to the top of a **cliffside**. As they approach, they see to their horror, half a dozen more of the **Beagle Brood** on the deck.

LAUNCHPAD

Aw fer cryin' out loud, how many of these guys **are** there?

LOUIE

They're stealing the **ship**!

LAUNCHPAD

Not without **this**!

Launchpad produces the **ignition coil** from his jacket pocket.

LAUNCHPAD (CONT'D)

I may be a dope, but I aint' stupid!

Launchpad doubles his speed and hits the crowd like a bowling ball, scattering Beagles everywhere as they brawl across the deck. As the boys dodge, weave and outsmart, Launchpad rushes to the console. Before he can insert the coil, he's tackled from behind. The coil goes skittering across the deck. Huey skids after it, triumphantly snapping it up only to have it snatched from his hand by **BABYFACE BEAGLE**. He puts his hand in Huey's face and shoves him roughly to the deck.

BABYFACE BEAGLE

Not so fast, ya little runt. We
don't want you leaving this party
early!

The Beagles can barely hold Launchpad down, who literally crawls with them toward Babyface and the ignition coil.

LAUNCHPAD

(struggling)

When I get outta here, I'm gonna
make sure every one of you is
fixed!

BANKJOB BEAGLE

(yelling to Babyface)

GET IT TO MA!

Babyface makes a run for it **back to the market** as the Beagles dogpile onto Launchpad. Huey stands, red-faced and speeds off in pursuit of Babyface.

LOUIE

HUEY!

LAUNCHPAD

Kid! NO!!!

Back at the marketplace, Scrooge is tiring as he repels wave after wave of clumsy Beagles. The marketplace is a mess. As the Beagles continue to advance, Scrooge pulls a large cart behind him into an alleyway, momentarily blocking it.

Hands on his knees, he breathes for a beat. The cart starts to come apart as the Beagles break it to bits. Scrooge takes off. As he gets to the other end of the alley, he spots a kid with a heard of cattle. Scrooge runs up, an idea hatching.

SCROOGE

I'll buy the lot! Name your price!

BOY

One thousand.

SCROOGE

(choking)

Wha! Preposterous! I'll give you
five hundred!

BOY

One thousand.

SCROOGE

Why you cheeky-

He glances back. The Beagles are **leaping** over the cart.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)
Six fifty!

BOY
One thousand.

SCROOGE
Of all the! For **those** mangy-

The Beagles are now **squeezing** through.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)
Not a penny over seven!

BOY
(deadpan)
One thousand.

Bouncer Beagle rips through what's left of the cart and they come **streaming** down the alleyway! A Beagle wave.

SCROOGE
Gah! Take your blood money!

He slaps a thousand dollars into the boys hand and **WHAPS** the lead cow on the rump. They all go stampeding down the alley toward the Beagles as Scrooge rushes off the other way.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)
People in this country used to love
a good haggle!

From the rooftops, as Beagle and cow tangle, we see Scrooge running out of the market as Babyface, (and Huey a distance behind), runs **in**.

At the mouth of the alley, Ma Beagle calls after the boys over the din of the cows.

MA BEAGLE
Hurry up, you dopes! He's getting away!

Babyface arrives, proudly producing the coil for Ma.

BABYFACE BEAGLE
They aint' going anywhere! And you said I couldn't do nuthin' right.

From above, **Huey** sweeps in on a clothesline, grabs the coil and lands on an awning above them, turning and striking a heroic pose. Ma Beagle grabs a skillet from a hook and bonks Babyface on the head.

MA BEAGLE
Look kid, you just hand us that key
and we'll let you go. Whaddaya say?

HUEY
You stupid Beagles will never beat
the McDucks!

The awning tears underneath Huey, dropping him to the ground in front of Ma and Babyface. The coil rolls up to Ma's feet.

MA BEAGLE
(picking up the coil)
Looks like gravity did it for us.
Welcome to India, kid. That's
called **Karma**.

Back at the Copia, Launchpad and Louie throw the last of the woozy Beagles over the railing and onto the ground a few feet below. They look up at the sound of Scrooge's yells to see him racing toward the Copia with the Beagles behind him.

SCROOGE
LAUNCHPAD! GO! GO! GO!

LAUNCHPAD
How many of these guys **ARE** there?

Back at the marketplace, Babyface has Huey cornered.

MA BEAGLE
He's just a stupid kid! Grab him!

He lunges for Huey, who manages to duck under his legs and make a run for it. Ma Beagle snags him by the collar.

MA BEAGLE (CONT'D)
Now we got us some leverage.

From out of nowhere, Ma Beagle is struck with a tomato. A beat, then a cantaloupe. Babyface is hit by a rain of onions.

BABYFACE BEAGLE
My eyes!

Ma Beagle turns to see the **angry merchants** all coming out from hiding and they are ANGRY. The crowd falls upon the protesting Beagles, dragging them away and calling for the police. Huey picks up the ignition coil, watching them go.

HUEY
(smiling to himself)
Karma.

Huey rushes off toward the ship.

Scrooge makes it to the airship just ahead of the Beagle horde. He pulls up the walkway and runs to the bow.

SCROOGE
Launchpad, get us out of here!

LAUNCHPAD
Uh, yeah. About that?

The Beagles begin shimmying up the ropes toward the ship. Wasting no time, Scrooge begins running the length of the ship, slicing the ropes and dropping them back to the dirt.

SCROOGE
Take that you great, stupid
buffoons!

LAUNCHPAD
Mister McD! WAIT!

Launchpad stops Scrooge from slicing the last rope.

LAUNCHPAD (CONT'D)
The **KID** is still out there!

Scrooge pauses a beat. Everyone's there but **Huey**. He turns to see the distant figure of a small duck hauling ass out of the marketplace. Off of Scrooge's look, the Beagles all turn as well. They see him too.

SCROOGE
(horrified whisper)
Split my infinities.

Huey sees the Copia dangling from one line. As the Beagles all begin advancing toward him, Huey takes a cue from Launchpad, picks up speed and operating on pure adrenaline, navigates the sea of Beagles like a linebacker making the play of his career. He goes up, over, under and around.

The last line **snaps**. Huey runs up the heads of three Beagles, lands on Bouncers face and leaps off, grabbing the end of the Copia's trailing rope.

A beat later, the Copia clears the cliff's edge, revealing a thousand feet of sky between Huey and the ground.

Huey screams.

On deck, the nephews and Scrooge watch, frozen in horror. Without missing a beat, Launchpad **hooks the safety line** and leaps over the railing like an Olympic diver. Huey struggles to hold on as Launchpad lets more line out.

The wind kicks up and Huey **loses his grip**. Launchpad races to let out the rest of the cable, approaching Huey in a long, sweeping arc. He grabs Huey, literally at the end of his rope. Hugging the boy in a steel embrace.

As the line pulls them slowly up, Huey raises a trembling hand to reveal **THE IGNITION COIL**.

LAUNCHPAD
(shaky laugh)
Whoo-boy! You're okay, kid.

Launchpad vaults Huey over the railing and leaps immediately to the console. Louie and Dewey fall on Huey.

LOUIE
That was INSANE!

DEWEY
Do you have any idea the odds? The probability of-

They all turn to see Scrooge, thunder on his brow.

SCROOGE
I haven't the words.

Huey opens his mouth.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)
(bellowing)
SILENCE!

Huey recoils. Dewey and Louie flinch, Launchpad looks over.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)
What did I tell you? What did I SAY? Of all the irresponsible, selfish, things! You could have been KILLED! You could have gotten **US KILLED!** I **told** you there was ONE rule! How could you have been so careless? How could you have been so stupid?

LAUNCHPAD
(interrupting)
Whoa, whoa! Hold on, Mister McD-

SCROOGE
(finger up)
FAMILY BUSINESS! Launchpad, take us home.

LOUIE
What!?

HUEY
You can't DO that!

SCROOGE
You are in NO position to dictate to **ME**, boy! You've only yourself and your own foolishness to blame! I told you this was a serious business! I told you it was dangerous! It's not X marks the spot, open sesame and genies granting childish **wishes**!

HUEY
(erupting)
I WISH WE NEVER **CAME** HERE.

SCROOGE
(shooting back)
Well it's been no trip around the maypole for **ME**, sonny Jim! Now all of you, below decks and that's where ye' stay till we're **home**.

HUEY
We don't HAVE a home!

Huey storms off, followed by his stunned brothers. Scrooge storms off to the stern to sulk. After a beat, Launchpad approaches him warily.

LAUNCHPAD
There's something you should know.

SCROOGE
(without turning)
Not a word or you're fired.

LAUNCHPAD
Fine then, I quit.

Scrooge whirls to face him.

SCROOGE
So it's a full mutiny then, is it?

LAUNCHPAD

One of the Beagles took the
ignition coil.

SCROOGE

What!?

LAUNCHPAD

He took it and ran. None of us
could get to it. The kid was the
only one.

Scrooge's eyes go wide.

LAUNCHPAD (CONT'D)

You're right. It aint' my business
and you're right, we couldda been
killed but not like you think. She
was a dead ship when you cut us
loose, Scrooge. The kid saved us.
Kinda reminded me of something you
might of pulled back in the day, if
I'm being honest.

SCROOGE

I...why? Why didn't he?

Launchpad shoots Scrooge a look that says *are you KIDDING me?*

LAUNCHPAD

(walking away)

Anyway, I thought you oughtta know.

SCROOGE

(to himself)

Blast you, old fool.

Launchpad takes the wheel.

LAUNCHPAD

Eh, relax. Kids bounce back quick.
Probably forgot about it already.
So, Duckburg?

Below decks, Huey lays curled up on his bed with his back to
his brothers. Louie tries to lighten the mood.

LOUIE

(joking)

We need a vacation from this
vacation.

Dewey and Louie exchange worried looks.

DEWEY

Seriously. What you did was amazing.

LOUIE

Yeah! Just like in one of your-

Huey sits up and hurls the magazine against the cabin wall then drops back onto the bed.

DEWEY

It's okay, Huey.

LOUIE

Come on, man. Let's give him some space.

We cut around to see Huey's face. Louie and Dewey exit as he fights back angry tears. The camera pulls out of the cabin window as **The Copia** glides silently off into the twilight.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. THE NEPHEW'S CABIN-MORNING.

Huey is jolted awake by a loud, reedy-sounding cacophony above their heads, accompanied by a steady rhythmic pounding. Louie and Dewey shoot up, groggily.

LOUIE

Is someone skinning a cat?

The nephews arrive on deck to see a triumphant Scrooge, playing his bagpipes and doing a jig in the early morning sun as **The Himalayas** loom large ahead of them.

SCROOGE

What are ye' all standing there for? We've got a hidden temple to find! Get your gear!

Louie and Dewey disappear immediately, Huey stands there, open-mouthed. Scrooge approaches and drops to a knee.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

(arm around Huey)

Sorry is not a word I'm accustomed to, lad. But you have the most heart-felt of apologies from this foolish, old duck.

HUEY
I'm sorry too.

SCROOGE
As you may have already guessed,
this isn't my first time out. Your
uncle and I did this sort of thing
quite a bit when he was a boy.

HUEY
You had a fight.

SCROOGE
Aye.

HUEY
Is that why the painting's covered?

SCROOGE
Well, laddie. That's a story for
another time but I will say this.
I'm also not accustomed to making
the same mistake **twice**. So, can you
forgive me?

Huey nods. They shake hands. He claps him on the back.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)
Besides, I've spent a bloody
fortune on this trip to come all
this way and not finish what we
started.

The family gathers around the forward display as Duckworth
appears on the screen.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)
Good morning, Duckworth. First
thing's first. The Beagles are
definitely working for someone.

DUCKWORTH
I assumed as much when I heard of
the brew ha-ha in Bangladesh.

SCROOGE
See if you can find out who.

DUCKWORTH
I shall make the usual inquiries.

SCROOGE
And what about our hidden temple?

DUCKWORTH

Using the McDuck telecom satellites, master Huey's book and local legends I was able to triangulate the location where the temple was likely to be and I found something interesting.

A schematic appears over Duckworth showing the cliffs and clustered plates of the mountain.

DUCKWORTH (CONT'D)

A geographic anomaly creates an optical illusion if you approach it from the precise angle. Follow the coordinates.

As Launchpad brings the ship around, the plates of the mountain seem to shift and slide, revealing a **gap** through which **the temple** can be glimpsed.

LAUNCHPAD

(triumphant)

Hiding in plain sight!

SCROOGE

I don't imagine many people see it from this angle. Thank you, Duckworth.

Scrooge turns to the nephews.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

All right. This time, no matter what, we stay together. We get in, look around and get out. No need to push our luck. Understood?

They all nod.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

Good. Launchpad, take us down.

From the deck, Launchpad fires a grappling gun, anchoring the Copia and using a winch, it slowly descends to the snowy ground. Scrooge and the nephews disembark.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

Launchpad, you coming?

LAUNCHPAD

Eh, if it's all the same to you, Mister McD I think I'll keep the engine running.

SCROOGE
(to Huey)
Got the book, boy?

Huey holds it up Scrooge and the nephews enter the temple of the Monkey god.

INT. TEMPLE OF THE MONKEY GO-CONTINUOUS.

The inside is **immaculate**. Untouched for a thousand years. The McDucks marvel at the ornate carved stone walls. Shafts cut into the mountain provide natural light, revealing all manner of statue and wall carvings that glitter and sparkle.

SCROOGE
Never fails to take my breath way.

Louie reaches out to touch a statue.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)
Careful, lad. Anything in here could be a trigger.

They make their way toward the center path, flanked by intricate stone markers. Scrooge takes out a small communicator.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)
Launchpad, ready the cargo hold. We may have a souvenir or two.

Outside, Launchpad relaxes with his feet up, eyes closed, wearing large headphones and listening to island/reggae music. He taps his feet and hums along.

Behind him, out of focus and filling the frame, **another airship** slowly passes silently by, unnoticed.

Back inside, Huey and Scrooge stand at the head of the path. Huey takes out the **book**. Scrooge turns to Louie and Dewey.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)
Best hang back here till we see if it's safe, lads.

LOUIE
I have no problem with that, whatsoever.

DEWEY
Yeah. I-I'm good.

Scrooge hoists Huey onto his shoulders.

SCROOGE
Guide me, boy.

With the book, they navigate the riddle of the stones together. Stepping gingerly, leaving footprints in the dust like breadcrumbs. Huey calls out the stones and symbols. Scrooge missteps and taps the edge of the wrong stone. From behind them, an iron dart springs out of nowhere and sails just inches above Huey's head, sticking into the forehead of another statue across the chamber. Louie lets out an involuntary scream and quickly covers his mouth.

LOUIE
(glancing around)
Was that me?

SCROOGE
(to Huey)
Good thing for us these traps were built for **taller** folk. Still, let's not do that again, eh?

They navigate a few more stones, Scrooge almost overbalances and Dewey grabs Louie's arm, hissing in a breath. Scrooge and Huey finally navigate the last stones and reach the base of the stairs. Scrooge gently sets Huey down. He turns back and gives Louie and Dewey the thumbs up.

Huey starts up the stairs, pauses, and turns back, waiting for Scrooge.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)
You go on, boy. This one's all you.

Huey reverently climbs the stairs of the altar. A pounded, dark, tarnished basin sits under the stone visage of **Haunaman**. Huey approaches it with giddy caution. He steps on the gilded, carved **center stone** of the tabernacle.

It activates a **mechanism**.

Suddenly, the chamber springs to life, clicking and grinding, sending waves of dust and snow down from the unseen ceiling. Concealed, polished metal mirrors redirect the light and illuminate the tabernacle. A stream of cloudy mineral water pours out of the mouth of Haunaman and into the basin.

Stunned, Huey and the family share a look, Louie balls his fists reflexively as Dewey silently mumbles.

Huey turns back. After a beat, he slowly lifts the basin, closes his eyes, and **drinks deep**.

They all hold their breath in the silence of the temple. Huey lowers the basin, **staring straight ahead** for a long moment.

Huey spins suddenly, crying out. His shout echoes off the walls of the temple, making the brothers jump.

HUEY
Nothing!

His voice begins to quiver.

HUEY (CONT'D)
I don't feel **ANY** different! It's-

Scrooge climbs the stairs and approaches Huey.

HUEY (CONT'D)
(breaking up)
It's all just-

SCROOGE
Now, now, then. Hold on a tick,
child.

Scrooge steps on the center stone and the sequence repeats, filling the basin with cloudy mineral water. Scrooge lifts the basin and drinks. Once finished, he **stares down** into the empty basin. a beat.

Scrooge begins to laugh. The boys react, surprised and confused. Scrooge spins and calls out.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)
Boys! Come up here! Mind the
stones! Follow the prints!

HUEY
I-I don't understand? Your greatest strength shall be revealed, through sacred waters, weakness healed. At journey's end, if heart be true your power is revealed to you!

Scrooge hoists Huey up to the altar.

SCROOGE
Look **down**, boy.

HUEY'S POV.

The bottom of the basin is polished like a mirror. Huey peers over the side, staring at his own reflection.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)
There's your strength.

The brothers join them. They all stare into the basin together, reflecting back a family portrait.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)
There's your strength.

LOUIE
 (flatly)
There goes my strong man career.

SCROOGE
 (laughing)
 Ah, the Gods love a good joke. I dunno if the water's magical but it certainly is refreshing. Though considering the trouble it takes to get here I wish they'd left out **biscuits** as well.

HUEY
 We came all this way for an ancient **riddle**?

SCROOGE
 We came all this way for us! It's not always about the destination. Sometimes, it's the **journey**. And those you journey **with**.
 (hugging the boys)
 Thank you for reminding me of that.

From behind them a gruff voice interrupts the moment.

BOUNCER BEAGLE
 Well aint' that touching?

BANKJOB BEAGLE
 Yeah, I dunno if I'll be able to rough you up through my tears, McDuck.

Scrooge whirls to see **THE BEAGLE BOYS**, (and a few cousins), all clustered in the mouth of the temple and advancing. Scrooge is legitimately stunned for a beat and then furious. He steps in front of the boys, grabbing his saber.

BANKJOB BEAGLE (CONT'D)
 Gimme a break Scrooge, whaddaya gonna do? There's six of us and we're **twice** your size.

Scrooge's eyes go wide. He glances back at the boys and winks. They all nod in understanding. A wide, sly grim creeps across Scrooge's face as he turns back.

SCROOGE

That you **are**.

(pulling his saber)

Step up then, you great, stupid
idgits and I'll make you as ugly as
that mother of yours!

The Beagles lunge forward, howling in response. Scrooge and the nephews hold their position. The Beagle Boys hit the center path of stones like a stampede, activating every **booby trap** in the temple.

The Beagles are pelted, poked, pummeled and **pounded**. They scatter like ants, yelping, twisting, flailing and running as Scrooge and the nephews make a break for it, racing out of the temple and back to the Copia.

Scrooge kicks a still-reclining Launchpad's feet out from under him and he falls out of his chair. His headphones fall off of his head as Scrooge barks.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

You couldn't have given us a little
warning that the **Beagle Boys** had
arrived!?

The Beagle Boys come spilling out of the mouth of the temple, pulling spears out of their behinds and still yelling.

LAUNCHPAD

(looks around guiltily)

Wha!? How'd I miss **that**?

From around the opposite side of the mountain, ANOTHER AIRSHIP suddenly appears, approaching the Copia. The rest of the Beagle cousins cluster at the railings.

SCROOGE

I KNEW they were working for
someone! Get us out of here!

LAUNCHPAD

(leaping to the wheel)

You don't have to tell me twice.

The grappling anchor disengages with a metallic **SNAP!** The Copia drifts off as Launchpad kicks the throttle. The second airship **drops ladders** to the Beagle Boys as it sails over and speeds off after the fleeing McDucks.

SCROOGE

Would somebody like to tell me how
in the Sam Hill they **found** us!?

Dewey pulls up a screen on his tablet.

DEWEY

(poking at tablet)

I have a theory. All of the ship's
systems are networked. If there's
anything drawing power but not
integrated into the system I'll be
able to locate it with a quick
diagnostic.

LOUIE

Uh, what?

HUEY

I think he means-

The tablet starts beeping. The screen shows a schematic.

DEWEY

Yup, there it is. Lower hull,
starboard side. Long range tracking
device. Drawing power from the
exterior lights.

LAUNCHPAD

(looks around guiltily)

Wha!? How'd I-

SCROOGE

(finger up)

Finish that sentence and you're
fired.

The second airship positions itself above the Copia, firing
grappling guns into it's deck. A stream of Beagles repels
down onto the Bridge and start fighting.

LAUNCHPAD

Like deja vu' all over again!

Scrooge pulls his saber and Bouncer Beagle grabs it out of
his hand from behind.

BOUNCER BEAGLE

I got the DIME!

Launchpad lunges for the cane but Bouncer tosses it to
another Beagle. A game of **high-stakes keep away** breaks out.

As the nephews and Scrooge battle for the dime, Launchpad does his best to avoid the Beagle's ship. Suddenly, the Copia drops sharply causing everybody to fall to the deck. From above, the second airship is ramming the Copia's envelope.

BANKJOB BEAGLE
(at the wheel)
That's for getting our ma arrested!

LAUNCHPAD
Are you nuts! YOU'LL KILL US ALL!

Huey manages to get the cane. A moment later, Bouncer grabs Huey **and** the cane, lifting them up to eye level.

BOUNCER BEAGLE
I'll take that.

From behind, Scrooge shatters the ship's compass over Bouncer's head, dropping him to the deck.

SCROOGE
What you'll **take**, is your hands off
m'nephew.

Huey hands Scrooge the cane.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)
Launchpad!

LAUNCHPAD
Everybody grab some railing!

The family lashes themselves to the railing as Launchpad **rolls the airship**. The grappling lines break free from it's deck and the battered Beagle Boys slide off into the snow, yelping as they slide down the slopes below. The second airship starts closing the distance.

LAUNCHPAD (CONT'D)
We're built for comfort, not speed.
They're gonna run us down.

SCROOGE
They'll never stop. It's us or
them. We can't outrun them, so
let's **outsmart** them. Who among us,
would you say, is the best **shot**?

Huey and Dewey immediately point to a grinning **Louie**.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)
That so, boy?

LOUIE
(proudly)
Any game, any system, any platform.

Scrooge gestures to the **grappling gun**.

SCROOGE
You're up, lad.

LOUIE
(breathless)
I've dreamed of this day.

Scrooge takes his place at the stern, taunting the Beagles as they race their airship to intercept. The second airship gets so close they're nose to tail with the Copia. The Beagles taunt and jeer, throwing junk at Scrooge's airship.

BOUNCER BEAGLE
Give it up, McDuck, we're close
enough to this bucket to jump.

SCROOGE
That's the idea
(spinning and dropping)
NOW, BOY!

Louie **fires the grappling gun** down the length of the Copia, slicing through the air and right through the steering column of the second airship, **locking it in place**. Bankjob falls screaming to the deck.

The nephew's cheer!

LOUIE
Achievement UNLOCKED!

SCROOGE
Launchpad, now!

Launchpad red-lines the throttle, dragging the Beagle's airship behind it like a buoy. Bouncing it back and forth against the snowy cliffside.

LAUNCHPAD
'Scuse me. Sorry. Whoop! That was
my fault!

As The Beagle Boys struggle to free the wheel, a rocky outcropping rips a hole in their envelope. The ship starts to go down. Louie releases the cable and the second airship collapses against the mountain, sliding to a stop on a ledge.

The Beagle Boys bicker as they try to find their way out from under the deflated blimp. Bouncer crawls out and bellows up after Scrooge. He looks around and spies in the snow...

A **flare gun**.

Bouncer grabs it, raises it and **fires**.

BOUNCER BEAGLE
Eat this, McDuck.

From the ground, the flare makes an arcing path toward the Copia. Scrooge's eyes go wide.

SCROOGE
Launchpad!

LAUNCHPAD
I see it! I **SEE** it!

Launchpad cranks the wheel hard as the flare closes in on the ship. For a moment, it looks like the flare will **just miss** the envelope and then...

The wind **shifts**. The flare **veers** wildly, and connects with the **envelope**.

LAUNCHPAD (CONT'D)
(bellowing)
If I ever meet that Murphy guy,
he's gettin' a black eye from me!

SCROOGE
Prepare to evacuate!

LAUNCHPAD
Everyone grab on to something!

The boys all take positions of cover and grab whatever they can to anchor themselves. From above, comes the **WOOSH** of the first section of the envelope going up. The entire ship lurches. Launchpad grabs the **RED LEVER**.

SCROOGE
Out of time, lad.

LAUNCHPAD
(whimpering)
Gyro's gonna **kill** me.

Launchpad **pulls the lever**.

The bridge disconnects with a loud, metallic **KLUNK!**

A beat after it drops, the envelope **EXPLODES!**

She shockwave hurtles the bridge down the steep cliff side. Launchpad **deploys the chutes** but they're not enough to slow the skidding bridge down. He grits his teeth as he attempts to steer the Copia like a **sled**.

A wide **ravine** appears ahead of them.

LAUNCHPAD (CONT'D)
HANG ON!

He steers the Copia toward a **sloping incline**. Launchpad uses it like a ramp, shooting the bridge like an arrow across the chasm. It lands hard on the other side, clipping it's nose and cartwheeling end over end like a skipping stone, **throwing everybody out**.

Debris flies everywhere, Launchpad and Scrooge are thrown ahead of the ship. They skid wildly toward the edge of another ravine. Launchpad manages to grab Scrooge by the collar with one hand and still holding the **red lever** with the other, uses it as a **brake**. Scrooge dangles over the side of the ravine just as Launchpad stops them.

They share a stunned look. A beat later, what's left of the Copia goes pin-wheeling over them and onto the rocks below. Scattering pieces everywhere with a rattling, echoing, crash.

EXT. SNOWY LEDGE-CONTINUOUS.

Scrooge climbs up, followed by Launchpad. As snow squalls pick up, Scrooge scans the debris field for the boys. He becomes frantic, trudging forward in the waist-high snow.

SCROOGE
Boys! BOYS!? BOYS!!?

He begins turning over wreckage as he calls out.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)
Louie! Dewey! **HUEY!!!** Huey, where
are ye' boy!!!?

Scrooge stands for a long beat as the snow howls around him. He listens to the silence and slowly drops to his knees. He lowers his head, defeated. Launchpad stares at his feet.

A beat. Suddenly, they hear a faint sound drifting over the wind. The unmistakable sound of a child. A **laughing** child.

Scrooge goes bounding forward through the snow.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)
 BOYS! Where are ye' lads! In
 Heaven's name!?

About ten feet to Scrooge's right, **Huey** sits up, laughing and snorting. A pile of snow drops off his head and into his lap.

Ten feet to Scrooge's left, **Dewey** peeks out, like a turtle, from under an equipment case.

DEWEY
 (crawling out)
 I can't find my laptop.

Ten feet ABOVE Scrooge, a befuddled **Louie** sits on a low ledge with **all of his feathers sticking up**.

LOUIE
 Am I dead? Is this **Heaven**? I
 thought there'd be more candy.

Scrooge swoops Huey and Dewey up in his arms. Launchpad trots in to catch Louie as he slides down from his ledge.

LAUNCHPAD
 (chuckling)
 See? What'd I tell ya? Kids bounce
 back quick.

SCROOGE
 (shaky exhale)
 If I wore pants, I'd hafta change
 em'.

LAUNCHPAD
 See what ya miss when you don't
 leave the house?

Scrooge activates an emergency radio.

SCROOGE
 Duckworth, we're going to need a
 ride. And perhaps a salvage crew.

Louie fishes Huey's Jr. Woodchuck magazine out of the snow and hands it to him.

LOUIE
 Pretty cool book.

HUEY
 (mock casual)
 Yeah? I have like, a hundred of
 those at home.

The brothers share a laugh. Close on the book as we...

MATCH DISSOLVE

INT. LIMOUSINE-DUCKBURG-DAY

We pull out from Huey's magazine, clutched to his chest, now tattered and torn. We reveal the nephews, sound asleep, clustered around a contented Scrooge in the back of his plush limousine. Launchpad snores loudly sprawled across the bench seat. A smiling Duckworth and Scrooge exchange a look in the mirror.

Scrooge winks.

The limo blows by the Duckburg news stand, scattering papers everywhere. One settles into frame and we see the headline: BEAGLE BOYS CHARGED WITH INTERNATIONAL CRIME SPREE!

INT. MCDUCK MANSION FOYER-MORNING.

Scrooge throws open the doors and marches into the foyer a transformed duck. The nephews follow sleepily.

SCROOGE

Duckworth, bring up the bags and prepare the fatted calf! The prodigal sons have re-

A voice from the dark cuts him off.

VOICE

YOU WIPE YOUR FEET BEFORE YOU SET FOOT ON **MY** FLOOR SCROOGE MCDUCK!

They all freeze. Launchpad goes rigid.

SCROOGE

That VOICE!

LAUNCHPAD

(terrified)

BEAKLEY!!?

Launchpad bolts. From the shadows, steps a very stern looking **BENITA BEAKLEY**. She marches up, towering over Scrooge.

SCROOGE

Wha? You! **HOW?**

DUCKWORTH

I took the liberty, sir. I thought
in light of recent events, her
services were once again **required**.

SCROOGE

(flatly)

You're **fired**.

MRS. BEAKLEY

Don't you take it out on him, you
old goat! I can see I've arrived
not a moment too soon!

SCROOGE

Now look, we've had a long trip-

MRS. BEAKLEY

Long trip indeed! I'd be better off
leaving them with Atilla the Hun!

SCROOGE

And we were just about to have a
feast-

MRS. BEAKLEY

Feast indeed!

(poking his belly)

You look like you've never missed a
meal to me, Scrooge McDuck!

(to the boys)

And these ones look like a stiff
breeze would up and away with them.
Look at you, darlins'. I used to
look after your uncle when he was
your age. Did y'know that?

The boys shake their heads.

MRS. BEAKLEY (CONT'D)

Are you wee ones hungry.

LOUIE

(laying it on thick)

Oh yes, ma'am. We haven't eaten at
all yet today, thank you.

She pats Louie's head and calls back to the kitchen.

MRS. BEAKLEY

Webbigail! Webbigail Filomena
Venderquack!

A little girl duck appears from the kitchen. **Webbigail**.

MRS. BEAKLEY (CONT'D)
Webbigail, this is Huey, Louie and
Dewey. Boys, my granddaughter.

HUEY/LOUIE/DEWEY
Hello!/Sup?/Greetings.

WEBBY
(brightly)
Hey! I'm Webby.

MRS. BEAKLEY
Webby and I were making cookies.
Why don't you go on in and help.
But not too many, now. We have
dinner at seven.

SCROOGE
(indignant)
Now see here, woman. We eat dinner
around here at six o'clock!

MRS. BEAKLEY
(snapping)
You'll eat when I put it on the
table and I put it on the table at
seven! Now go and sulk in your
money bin and we might remember to
call you!

SCROOGE
Well isn't **this** a fine kettle of
fish!

He spins and marches off down the hallway toward the money
bin. The rest head toward the kitchen. Huey lingers for a
beat. Duckworth, heading for the door with his hat and a
suitcase, passes Scrooge. As he opens the door...

SCROOGE (CONT'D)
Oh no y'don't! If I'm in this,
you're in this, sonny Jim!

Duckworth closes the door and heads for the kitchen. As
Scrooge marches down the hallway, he begins opening curtains
as he goes. Filling the mansion with light though ranting all
the while. Punctuating each rant with a curtain WOOSH!

SCROOGE (CONT'D)
When a man loses control of his own
house, well I just don't know what!

Huey watches him go. Smiling as the foyer fills with light.

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

First we're a boy's home and then
we're a restaurant and now we're a
bloody boarding house! And now I'm
stuck with Scary Poppins again to
boot! If I wasn't so **kind-hearted!**

Scrooge grabs the cover on the **portrait** and pulls it off with a great **WOOSH!** Revealing he and **Donald**, bathed in warm light.

Scrooge continues marching off, **ranting**.

INT. MCDUCK KITCHEN-CONTINUOUS.

Huey joins the others in the kitchen. As the family moves around, chatting and doing cookie prep, the camera pulls back through the window and across the back yard. As it pulls back further, the distant sound of bagpipes fills the air. Over the bagpipes we...

CUE DUCKTALES THEME.

FADE TO BLACK.

EPILOGUE.

The beagle boys, bruised and battered, along with Ma Beagle sit in a small room. Bouncer pokes at a crystal ball on a small table. Ma Beagle slaps his hand.

A beat later, **MAGICA DeSPELL** sweeps through the bead curtain.

MAGICA
Mother Beagle. You look well.

MA BEAGLE
Thanks, miss DeSpell. And thanks
for springing us all from-

MAGICA
(interrupting)
Think nothing of it. And please,
call me Magica. Where is the item?

Bouncer Beagle produces **Scrooge's cane**, complete with his **number one dime** sparkling in it's glass top. From out of nowhere, a raven swoops in, snatching it from his hand and bringing it to Magica before returning to it's perch. She holds it reverently for a beat.

MAGICA (CONT'D)
The first object of power. Does
Scrooge have any idea it's missing?

BOUNCER BEAGLE
Nah! We switched it for the fake
one playing keepaway with those
dumb kids.

MAGICA
Yes, before you destroyed the
airship. I thought I made it clear
that no harm was to come to
Scrooge. Not a **feather**, I said.

BOUNCER BEAGLE
(flip)
Hey. Accidents happen.

Magica gets in his face, suddenly sinister.

MAGICA
You're right. Accidents happen. All
the time. In fact, they could
happen to **anybody**.

The raven caws in agreement. Bouncer suddenly becomes very
nervous. Ma beagle elbows him in the side.

MA BEAGLE
Shut your mouth! Sorry Miss
DeSpell.

MAGICA
Please...MAGICA.

She calls out for her Raven and they all jump.

MAGICA (CONT'D)
POE!

The Raven flies over and drops a thumb drive into Magica's
hand. She gives it to Ma Beagle.

MAGICA (CONT'D)
Enter the code on that drive and
the money will be wired directly
into your account, as promised.
Now, go back to whatever hovel you
call a **home** and wait for me. When I
need you again I'll send a raven.

The Beagle boys limp out. Ma Beagle gives Bouncer one last
THWAP! Magica settles in at her crystal ball.

MAGICA (CONT'D)
Oh, mother Beagle?

MA BEAGLE
(turning nervously)
Uh, y-yes, Miss de-uh, Magica?

MAGICA
(slyly)
What's the weather like in
Duckburg?

FADE OUT.

END.